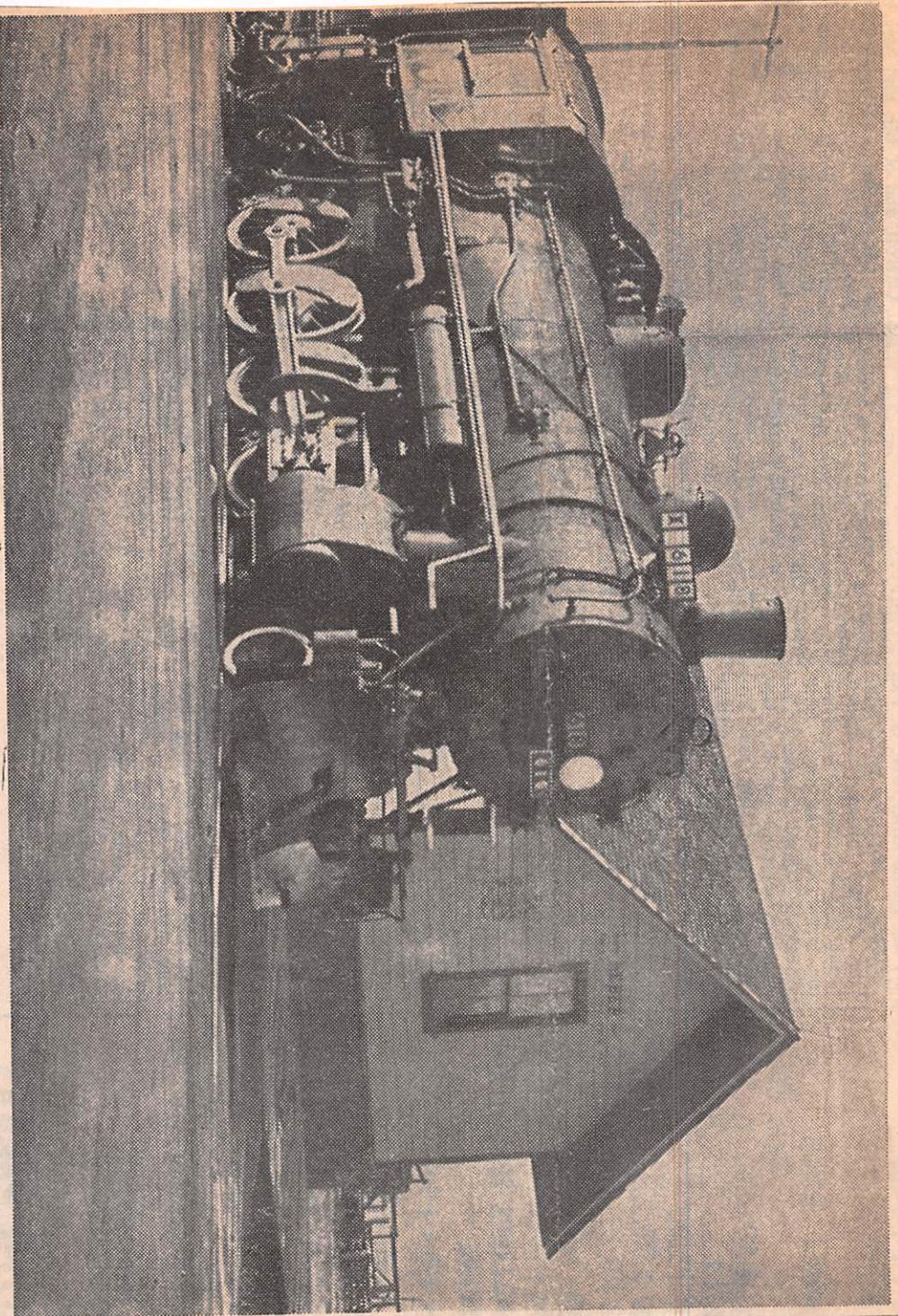


"Heber Creeper Is Back in Town"

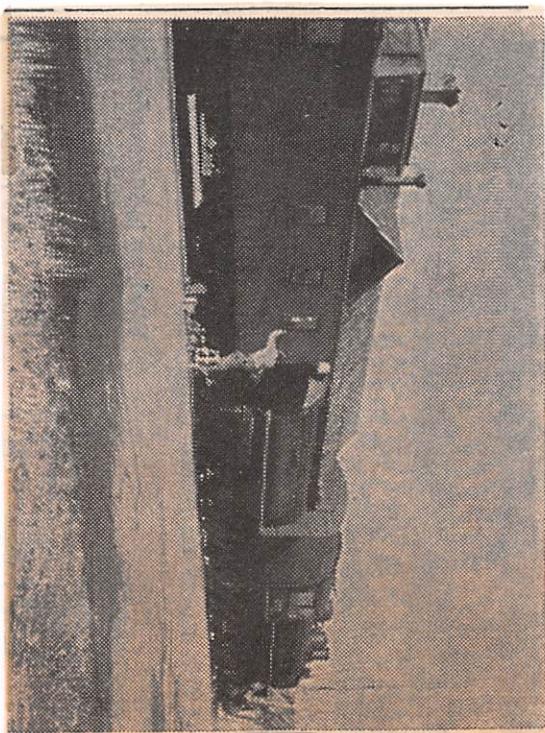


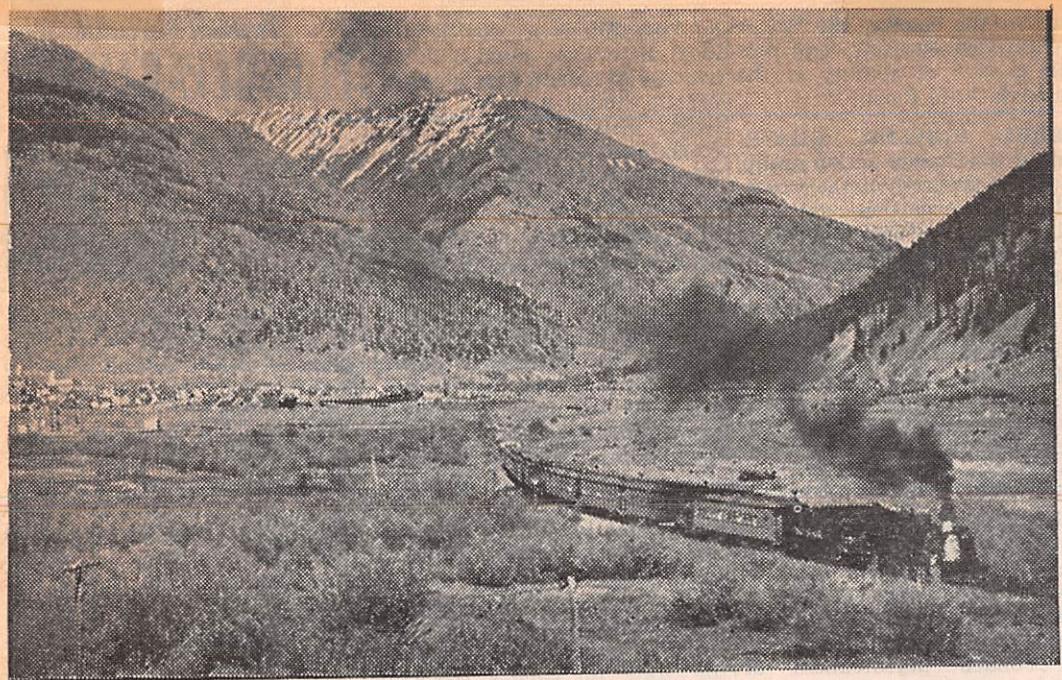
STEAM ENGINE ARRIVES— The first engine of the Wasatch Mountain Railway arrived in Heber on Monday evening after a long journey which started at the Utah State Fairgrounds in Salt Lake. The engine, coal car and caboose

were hailed by a large crowd as it came into town. Two other cars were left in Charleston. This train will be part of the proposed development of the scenic railway to operate in Heber Valley down the canyon to Wildwood turnaround.

—Photo Courtesy of Ray Smith

10 Dec 1970 Wasatch Wave





NARROW GAUGE TRAIN—Leaving Silverton, Colorado on the scenic mountain return trip to Durango.



Tall Tales & Short

10 Dec '70 BY LADAWN ERICANBRACK

Now that the era of the train is passing, we are bound to hear more stories about them and about the days that are no more. On this line, an article was handed to me which was written by Harry Jones for at the end was the familiar closing, "Wit's End". They thought I might like to use it in "Tall Tales"—I would, and I happen to have a little story of my own which I will add on the end.

IT'S A PASSING ERA

"Did you see the story in the "News" last night where Gov. Cal Rampton asked a federal subsidiary to take over some of the passenger trains serving our valley and the state?"

It's the last hope for passenger trains.

The romance of the rails lasted almost 100 years, but faded with the coming of the automobile and compounded by the jet plane.

When passenger service stretched transcontinental with the joining of the rails at Promontory, a coast to coast trip was every bit as exciting as a jet flight today.

There was a little difference in time, four hours now compared to four or five days when trains were the big thing in passenger transportation.

NO MOVIES, BUT . . .

The early trains didn't have movies, but the diner served meals every bit as fancy as those on the 747 today.

After the evening meal, passengers gathered in a sleeper before the bunks were made up. There was an organ for music. Usually some passenger could play the instrument, or a crew member could take a whirl at it. The conductor was the Mitch Miller of his day, directing the passengers in a song or two.

Coming down Weber Canyon was probably as exciting as any stretch on the line in those early days.

At Wahsatch, the U. P. passenger train was pulled into a siding to await the arrival of the eastbound passenger out of Ogden. It was an exciting wait. Targets were set up against the north slope of the canyon.

Male passengers usually used their own sidearms for a bit of shooting. The conductor would load and reload his pistol and politely pass it around to women passengers to try a hand at marksmanship. He was careful to help them aim.

When the eastbound arrived, the passengers would climb back aboard and proceed down the canyon. The train slowed at Castle Rock for sightseers.

JUST AN ECHO-HOO-HOO

When the train arrived at Echo Canyon, the engineer would pull to a stop. He would blow a series of long and short blasts on the steam whistle. Passengers opened windows and were fascinated with the echoing effects.

You just can't get a jet to do that at 35,000 feet. You can't even get the window open.

Further down the line toward Ogden, the engineer would stop the train. Passengers would file out, walk across the wagon trail toward the Weber River. They had about five minutes to view the famous rock formation called the "Devil's Slide."

You couldn't do that in a jet either!

It was a slow happy trip down through Weber Canyon into Ogden where you remained aboard the Union Pacific for Los Angeles, or changed trains to San Francisco.

There might have been a bit of Indian trouble in those early days, but there is no record of a train ever being hijacked to Cuba!"

Here is my train story — can you top this? We once saw a train come to a stop at night during the deer hunt. Heard a shot, saw the powerful train lights upon the track that the workmen had gotten them a deer. We then saw them hang it up on the caboose and go on down the track as they were skinning it.

"You can't do that in a jet either" — unless perhaps with one of Santa's reindeers!

Mrs. N. W. Murdock is home after several weeks in Arizona with her daughter, Thora and Raymond Bingham and family.

12-10-70

Films made by Ray Smith
by our request to send to
Utah Tourism & Publicity Council
Tomorrow.
See Jorgenson Requested it.



Bob Wilder
Publicity

RES. 654-1500

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